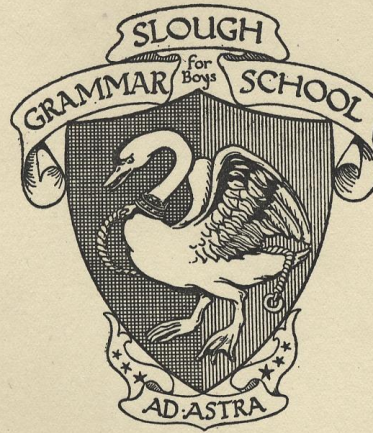


THE SWAN



JULY 1939

No. 5

1st XI HOCKEY, Spring Term, 1939

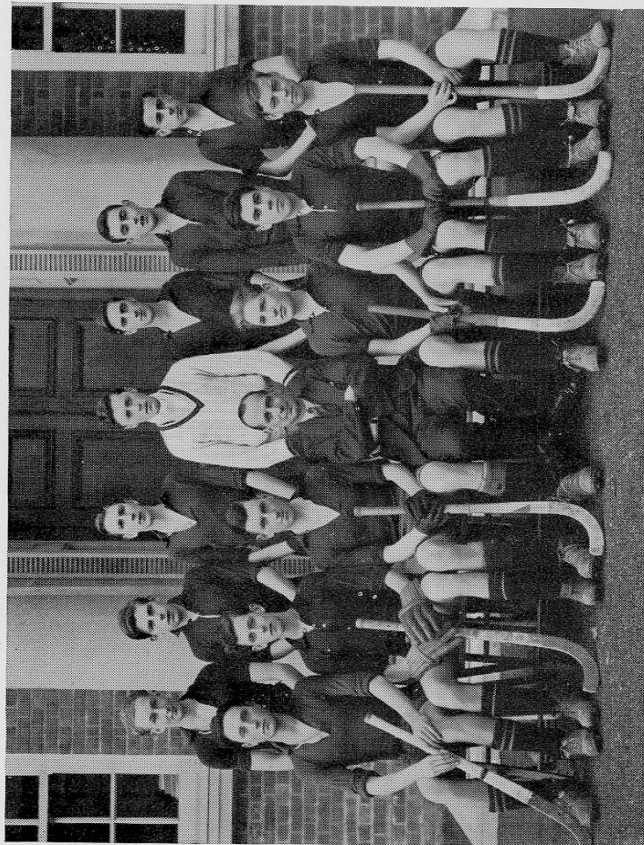


Photo by Greville

R. C. Wilkins, T. R. Cartwright, D. J. Neale, J. L. Anderson, K. D. Weller, P. J. Crowhurst, J. A. Blake, J. R. Omer, F. J. Russell, R. V. Pardy (Capt.), Mr. Barnes, W. H. Dyer, R. C. Warren, H. Jones.

CONTENTS

Editorial	2
School Notes	3
Mr. C. J. Farrow	4
Sports 1939	4
County Athletics Championships	6
Hockey	7
School Plays	7
Cadet Company	9
Reflexes : W. H. Dyer, VI	9
A Highwayman : K. Martin, IIIa	11
Excelsior : N. Tucker, IVa	12
The Lion : J. Lowe, I	12
Idleness : A. Marshall, Vb	13
Hunting Song : I. R. Llewellyn, IVa	14
A journey I would like to make : P. Costiff, Vb	14
The Old Coach Inn : A. Bailey, IVa	15
Thoughts on a Hot Day : R. J. Omer, Va	16
Country Life : M. Waghorn, I	17
Summer : E. Morrison, IVb	17
E. Parsley, IVb	
The Bonnie Lass of Aberdeen : S. Jones, IVa	18
The Traveller : S. White, IVb	19
Birds : E. Wyatt, IIIa	19
Haymaking : R. Brettell, H.C.	19
The Owl : V. Woodford, IIIa	20
The Squirrel : S. Wood, IIIa	20
Morning Song : I. Cummins, IIIa	20
A Dog's Life : C. N. Furnivall, IIIa	21
The Haunted House : N. M. Ness, IIIa	21
A Visit to Northolt Aerodrome : E. J. Jenner, IVa	22
Down a Mine : D. I. M. Gray, IVa	23
Vestiges : G. P. Alexandra, IV	23
A Pirate Captain : N. M. Ness, IIIa	26
The "Victory" : A. Tanner, IIc	26
The Stormy Bay : K. Hodges, IIb	26
House Notes	27



Slough Grammar School Magazine

THE SWAN

Number 5

JULY 1939

EDITORIAL

An event as rare and important as a full inspection must claim first place in the annals of any school term. On May 16th, after an interval of twelve years, we were visited by a team of His Majesty's Inspectors, who for four days reviewed every aspect of the School's affairs. Such an ordeal can obviously bring many advantages, of which one of the greatest is the opportunity to understand the ideas and methods of other schools and compare them with our own. The visit was therefore anticipated with much speculation, and in experience proved to be quite pleasant. Those responsible for directing the activities of the School no doubt await the Report with interest. Meanwhile, to the question still sometimes asked, Inspectors—Are They Human? we feel we can answer Yes.

Other topics for this term have thus been overshadowed—even the adoption of a gipsy life by a member of the Staff. We would like, all the same, to add a few words about ourselves—the Magazine. We felt that it was time we had a name, and we trust our readers will approve the baptism. **The Swan** was, indeed, the obvious choice, this bird being the heraldic emblem of the School and of the County.

3

SCHOOL NOTES

It is expected that the number of pupils in the school in September next will be at least 420.

Mr. W. J. Wall, B.A., a specialist in modern languages, has been appointed as an additional master to take up duty at the beginning of the Autumn Term. For the past ten years Mr. Wall has been a member of the staff of Beaumont College, Old Windsor.

* *

The usual Easter tour to the Continent did not materialise this year, and the August Schoolboys' Cruise to the Norwegian Coast has also been abandoned. It is probable that the unsettled international situation is responsible for the falling-off in the desire for foreign travel this year.

* *

Five boys passed the Civil Service Clerical Class Examination held in January last.

* *

Mr. E. F. Housden, of Harrow School, and Mr. V. Sealy, of Uxbridge, are visiting the School again this term to give instruction in athletic field events. We very greatly appreciate their kindness.

* *

All the cricket teams are enjoying a successful season, and with so many quite promising Juniors in the School the prospect for several seasons hence is encouraging.

* *

On June 8th a party of junior boys went to the London Zoo. The weather was very warm: the penguin-pool, the Aquarium and the ice-cream man proved to be most popular.

* *

The School Choir took part in the Slough Schools Musical Festival, held in June this year after a lapse of two years.

Dates to be noted:—

6th July.	Swimming Sports at Social Centre.
8th July.	Parents' Cricket Matches.
27th July.	Summer Term ends.
12th September.	Autumn Term begins.

MR. C. J. FARROW

It is with very deep regret that we have to record the death of Mr. C. J. Farrow on April 3rd.

Mr. Farrow had been English Master at the Secondary School from 1918 until his retirement in 1933, and endeared himself to many hundreds of boy and girl pupils.

He was most generous and warm-hearted, and willingly gave up much of his leisure time in furthering the interests of the School. For a number of years he was President of the School Chess Club and Secretary of the Old Paludians' Association. He was also keenly interested in the musical side of school life.

After retiring, his interest in the school did not wane. He continued to offer annually two prizes for chess, and in 1936 presented to the library about 500 volumes of English, French, and Spanish literature. He also left as a bequest to the library a further large number of books.

At the funeral the staffs of the Grammar School and High School were fully represented, and a large number of Old Paludians was present. An Old Boy presided at the organ.

Mr. Farrow was unmarried, but our sincere sympathy goes out to his bereaved brothers and sisters.

SPORTS 1939

The finals of this year's Sports took place on Wednesday, March 29th. The trophies and certificates were kindly presented by Mrs. H. Purnell in the School Hall.

RESULTS

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP :

1	Hampden	105½ points.
2	Milton	97½
3	Gray	44
4	Herschel	33½

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP :

G. P. Alexandra (Milton)	11 points.
Runner-up : A. R. Castle (Milton)	10 points.

HIGHEST TOTAL IN CLASS II :

P. Ford (Hampden)

HIGHEST TOTAL IN CLASS III :

E. J. Packham (Milton)

INDIVIDUAL EVENTS

Class III

100 YARDS.—1, E. J. Packham (M) ; N. Sanderson (H) ; 3, M. A. Basden (Her) ; 4, P. L. Reynolds (M). Time, 13 4-5th sec.

220 YARDS.—1, E. J. Packham (M) ; 2, W. H. Smith (H) ; 3, N. Sanderson (H) ; 4, P. L. Reynolds (M). Time, 33 2-5th sec.

HIGH JUMP.—1, D. W. Packham (H), 3 ft. 11 in. ; 2, J. N. Harper (H) ; 3, J. N. Kenyon (H) ; 4, E. J. Packham (M).

LONG JUMP.—1, E. J. Packham (M) ; 2, P. L. Reynolds (M) ; 3, J. N. Kenyon (H) ; 4, G. J. Lowe (G).

PUTTING THE SHOT.—1, R. A. Parrett (M) ; 2, C. F. Varney (M) ; 3, E. W. Fry (M).

CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.—1, D. J. Jones (M) ; 2, P. L. Reynolds (M) ; 3, R. F. Wilson (G) ; 4, N. Sanderson (H).

RELAY RACE.—1, Hampden (Team : N. Sanderson, D. Packham, W. Smith and H. Golder), and Milton (Team : E. Packham, D. Jones, C. Varney and P. Reynolds), tied for first place each with 3½ points ; 3, Herschel ; 4, Gray.

HOP, SKIP AND JUMP.—1, D. J. Jones (M), 26 ft. 1 in. ; 2, D. W. Packham (H) ; 3, M. A. Basden (Her).

Class II

100 YARDS.—1, P. Ford (H) ; 2, S. J. Sage (H) ; 3, W. Pidgeon (M) ; 4, H. H. Webb (Her). Time, 13 4-5th sec.

220 YARDS.—1, H. H. Webb (Her) ; 2, R. C. Boshier (M) ; 3, F. H. Biggs (H) ; 4, J. E. Stock (G). Time, 31 3-5th sec.

120 YARDS HURDLES.—1, S. J. Sage (H) ; 2, F. H. Biggs (H) ; 3, A. C. Burney (G) ; 4, D. S. Palmer (H).

HIGH JUMP.—1, E. C. Parsley (G) ; 2, W. A. Pidgeon (M) ; 3, D. S. Palmer and H. J. Groves tied for third place. Height, 4 ft. 5½ in.

LONG JUMP.—1, S. Ford (H) ; 2, H. H. Webb (Her) ; 3, J. C. Stock (G) ; 4, A. C. Day (Her). Distance, 16 ft. 5½ in.

PUTTING THE SHOT.—1, P. Ford (H) ; 2, E. C. Parsley (G) ; 3, W. A. Pidgeon (M) ; 4, S. J. Sage (H).

CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.—1, F. H. Biggs (H) ; 2, P. B. Brittain (G) ; 3, J. E. Stock (G) ; 4, M. Lonsdale (G).

RELAY RACE.—1, Hampden (Team : F. H. Biggs, S. J. Sage, P. Ford and R. Christie) ; 2, Gray ; 3, Herschel ; 4, Milton.

DISCUS.—1, P. Ford (H) ; 2, W. A. Pidgeon ; 3, S. J. Sage (H) ; G. M. Fraser (G).

Class I

100 YARDS.—1, D. J. Minchin (M) ; 2, G. P. Alexandra (M) ; 3, S. P. Witchell (H) ; 4, A. R. Castle (M). Time, 11 3-5th sec.
220 YARDS.—1, G. P. Alexandra (M) ; 2, D. J. Minchin (M) ; 3, A. R. Castle (M) ; 4, S. P. Witchell (H). Time, 26 1-5th sec.

120 YARDS HURDLES.—1, Gray ; 2, Hampden ; 3, Herschel ; 4, Milton.

HIGH JUMP.—1, K. T. Jolley (H) ; 2, T. U. Williamson (M) ; 3, P. J. Crowhurst (G) ; 4, A. R. Castle (M). Height, 5 ft. 3 in.

LONG JUMP.—1, A. R. Castle (M) ; 2, J. A. Bew (H) ; 3, S. P. Witchell (H) ; 4, P. J. Crowhurst (G). Distance, 16 ft. 8½ in.

PUTTING THE SHOT.—1, R. V. Pardy (G) ; 2, T. Paxton (H) ; 3, A. M. G. Fuller (M) ; 4, F. J. Russell (H).

CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.—1, G. P. Alexandra (M) ; 2, D. P. Shanley (Her) ; 3, T. Paxton (H) ; 4, R. V. Pardy (G).

RELAY RACE.—1, Hampden (Team : T. Paxton, K. Jolley, P. Dunham, S. Witchell) ; 2, Milton ; 3, Herschel ; 4, Gray.

THROWING THE JAVELIN.—1, J. Jones (H) ; 2, S. P. Witchell (H) ; 3, J. R. Omer (G) ; 4, T. Paxton (H). Distance, 126 ft.

DISCUS.—1, W. H. Dyer (M) ; 2, F. J. Russell (H) ; 3, R. C. Warren (Her) ; 4, R. V. Pardy (G). Distance, 102 ft.

Open

120 YARDS OPEN HURDLES.—1, F. J. Russell (H) ; 2, P. J. Crowhurst (G) ; 3, A. R. Castle (M) ; 4, T. U. Williamson (M).

HALF MILE.—1, G. L. Williams (G) ; 2, T. R. Cartwright (G) ; 3, J. Crowhurst (G) ; 4, T. Paxton (H). Time, 2 min. 28 2-5th sec.

COUNTY ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

At the Bucks A.A.A. County Championships Meeting held at Wolverton on June 3rd, both the School and Old Boys did well.

T. Paxton was second in the half-mile under 16. The School Team in the under 14 Shuttle relay (P. Ford, Christie, Palmer and E. Packham) was placed third, losing second place by inches only and equalling the previous record time of 53 seconds.

J. V. H. Gecks (O.B.) set up new County records in winning the high jump at 5 ft. 11½ in., and the javelin at 150 ft. 2 in. He was also placed fourth in putting the shot.

R. G. Hanna (O.B.) likewise achieved a double victory, winning the 100 yards and the 220 yards races.

HOCKEY—SPRING 1939

RESULTS :

1st XI						
v. Ashford					Lost	6—3
v. Maidenhead					Won	2—1
v. Ashford					Won	4—3
v. Maidenhead					Lost	3—2
P	W	D	L	Gls. For	Gls. Against	
4	2	0	2	11	13	

2nd XI						
v. Ashford					Lost	7—1
v. Maidenhead					Won	1—0
v. Ashford					Lost	2—1
v. Maidenhead					Won	4—0
P	W	D	L	Gls. For	Gls. Against	
4	2	0	2	7	9	

COLOURS :

Colours were awarded to Anderson, Pardy, Dyer, Cartwright, Crowhurst and Jones.

SCHOOL PLAYS

April 1939

In aid of Cadet funds, a programme of three one-act plays was given at two performances in the school hall on Saturday, April 1st. Two of the plays were acted by boys, and the third by members of the staff. A notable triumph was the acting of four women's parts by males.

The first play, "The King of Barvender", dealt with a crisis in the history of Barvender, when the friends of the aged and dying King sought to keep from him the knowledge that his enemies, the Tambours, had seized the city. The figure of the Tambour General bore an interesting resemblance to the modern dictator.

"The Stoker", the second play, concerned a dramatic situation on board a liner homeward bound from the East. The stoker, an educated Hindu, sought to hold up the ship as a demonstration of the power of the East and its rebellion against Western masters.

The third play, "Rory Aforesaid", was a comedy in a Scottish law-court. The rascally shepherd Rory, on the suggestion of his wily lawyer, sought to avoid the consequences of his sheep-stealing by pretending a sheep-like blankness of mind. To all questions his only answer was : "Baa—". The case was dismissed. When, finally, the lawyer demanded his fee, the answer was still : "Baa—".

The details of the production were as follows :

“ THE KING OF BARVENDER ” by Allan Monkhouse

The King	-	-	-	-	-	-	T. V. Williamson
Princess Raia, heir to the throne	-	-	-	-	-	-	R. C. Boshier
The King's Chancellor	-	-	-	-	-	-	D. J. Neale
The King's Physician	-	-	-	-	-	-	F. G. Helps
The King's Page	-	-	-	-	-	-	A. M. G. Fuller
General Commanding the Forces of the Tambours	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. E. Hughes

Produced by Mr. Wilson

“ THE STOKER ” by Harold Brighouse

Archie Railton	-	-	-	-	-	-	P. Jacques
Peter Howard	-	-	-	-	-	-	R. V. Pardy
The Captain	-	-	-	-	-	-	F. J. Russell
The Stoker	-	-	-	-	-	-	D. O. Parry Davies
Mrs. Leighton	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. Brittain
Sheila Pallant	-	-	-	-	-	-	A. J. Linwood

Produced by the Headmaster

“ RORY AFORESAID ” by John Brandane

MacConnachie, the Court Officer	-	-	-	-	Mr. Legrand
Duncan MacCallum, merchant and small sheep-farmer at Ardnish	-	-	-	-	Mr. Murray
Rory MacColl, shepherd to Mr. MacCallum	-	-	-	-	Mr. Smith
Mr. MacIntosh, an Oban Lawyer	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wilson
The Sheriff-Substitute	-	-	-	-	Mr. Llewellyn
Mrs. MacLean, a crofter widow-woman	-	-	-	-	Mr. Ingleby

Produced by Mr. Reeves

Stage-management and scenery : Mr. Wilson, Mr. Evans and Mr. Barnes.

The School Orchestra, directed by Mr. Collin, played during the intervals. Selections on the piano-accordion were given by D. C. Marris.

W.G.H.

CADET COMPANY

The Company is now 85 strong, and thriving on its weekly dose of training. A useful course of elementary signalling and ambulance work was given last term, and a field exercise was carried out at the end of the term. All except the Band had a most energetic afternoon ; the Band, in its capacity of stretcher-party, reclined at its Regimental Aid Post, except when its peace was shattered by a cry of ‘ Stretcher-bearer ’. The rest of the Company fought a successful action, except for an unfortunate lapse on the part of some of the attacking force, who attempted to cross a bog, and were consequently more engrossed in getting out of the mess than in the pursuit of the ‘ enemy ’.

After much doubt, it has at last been possible to arrange a Camp this year as usual. However, we have been able to make private arrangements with London University O.T.C., and the cadets will be in Camp from July 28th to August 5th, at Kimble.

Three plays by staff and boys during the Easter Term helped to remove the deficit on uniform expenses, but unfortunately we are not yet in a position to clothe any more of our recruits. We should be able to do so early next term ; meanwhile, the recruits must bear in mind that it is not the uniform which makes the cadet, but the boy inside it.

Conscription in the present emergency is the order of the day, and although cadets are under no military obligations as cadets, their training will doubtless prove of advantage to them when they reach the age of twenty.

A.H.B.I.

REFLEXES

(From a paper on Reflex Action)

So far as our knowledge goes, all feeling, all consciousness, requires concurrent material changes. We do not know of feeling without material change in ourselves or in those others who tell us their sensations. When we attribute feeling to an oyster or an amoeba, we do so because it behaves to a certain extent like ourselves, and we imagine such feelings as resembling our own to the same degree as the behaviour resembles our own. When we attribute feeling to a material change, we are led to do so not by sympathy but by logic. One cannot imagine any sort of intelligent motion in a piece of zinc that is dissolving in hydrochloric acid ; one does not suspect litmus of shame because it blushes at the touch of vitriol.

It is to explain our nervous reactions that so much work is being, and has been, done.

If a nerve-ending is stimulated by a prick or burn, an impulse travels up the afferent nerve—the afferent neurone is stimulated ; an impulse passes from it across a synapse to the efferent neurones and thence to the efferent nerves, causing the muscle which those nerves supply to contract and withdraw the limb concerned. Here is the simple reflex, causing a motor response to a stimulus applied to a nerve.

It is rather doubtful whether such a simple reflex exists. Probably all spinal reflexes involve a third neurone interposed between the afferent neurone and the efferent : but reflexes in which very few neurones take part are numerous. If the legs are crossed and the patella and tendon of the upper knee given a sharp tap with the edge of the hand, the foot gives a brisk kick and falls more slowly than it rose. This reflex is of obvious usefulness. Most of us have trodden on “the stair which wasn’t there,” and but for the reflex stretching of the leg in response to the bending of the knee, we should have fallen. This reflex is very powerful—so powerful that there have been cases of patients who have sustained a broken patella owing to its strength. It is also very swift. The reflex straightening of the leg and recovery of the subject occurs before he even realises that he has been in danger of falling. The simplest spinal reflex is valuable on account of this swiftness of action which saves the subject from disaster before he is aware of danger, let alone before he can take any steps to avoid it.

Peristalsis, the expansion and contraction of the muscles in the oesophagus, is caused by a nervous impulse. The stimulus which sets the mechanism working consists mainly of the food itself pressing against the wall of the tube. Substances such as cellulose which add to the bulkiness of the food are therefore useful because they increase peristalsis. The movements are controlled by small nerve centres in the wall itself.

The secretion of saliva is a reflex action where there may be many different receptors, but only one set of effectors, the salivary glands. We all know that our mouths may “water” not only when we actually taste food, but also when we see, smell, or even think about it. Such an action is different from the knee jerk because there are many receptors but only one set of effectors.

Pavlov, the great Russian scientist, had noticed that the salivary glands are delicately controlled according to the needs of the organism.

If dry food is taken into the mouth, a lot of saliva is produced, so that it may be properly moistened ; with watery food the

flow is less copious. Moreover, the texture varies, as well as the quantity. If the mouthful is going to be swallowed, a slimy lubricating saliva appears ; but if it is distasteful and must be ejected, the saliva comes thin and watery to help in rinsing the mouth.

These variations in the activity of the glands are in themselves simple inborn reflex responses.

No mental activity is involved. The substance in the mouth acts on special taste organs on the tongue and palate, and the action of the glands is automatically regulated in accordance with the information thus supplied.

But now the mental factor creeps in. The salivary glands are not merely automatic in this straightforward way. They can be controlled in a less direct fashion. Not only the contact of the food, but the mere sight or smell has the same effect. Approach a dog with a dish that it loves, and a slimy saliva will flow in its mouth at once. Approach it with a nasty medicine that has to be forced down its throat, and a defensive, watery secretion will appear. But here we have something more than the inborn response of a simple reflex action. None of these things will happen the first time the dog sees that particular dish or medicine. An element of memory comes in : the animal reacts as it does because of past experience.

W. H. DYER.

A HIGHWAYMAN

A shadow lurks amid the trees
Upon a jet-black mare,
He has a pistol in his belt
Poor travellers to scare.

A sound is heard along the road,
A coach comes into sight.
The clatter of the horses' hoofs
Breaks the quiet of the night.

The coach draws near to where he stands
He steps into the road :
“Stand and deliver !” he thunders out,
“I'll help you with your load.”

The coach pulls up in front of him,
The passengers alight.
The highwayman takes all their jewels
And gallops out of sight.

K. MARTIN.

EXCELSIOR

In his first day at the college,
A scholar, all athirst for knowledge,
Found that his cap an emblem bore,
On which this mystic word he saw—

Excelsior !

Alas ! he never did his work,
His homework he would always shirk,
And till his throat was red and sore,
The master in his ear would roar—

Excelsior !

On every piece of work he found,
In letters red and large and round,
Time and time again recurred,
That dreaded phrase, that mystic word—

Excelsior !

He soon became both ill and thin,
His face was pale, his cheeks pinched in,
And always ringing in his ears,
That horrid emblem of his fears—

Excelsior !

His health grew worse with every day,
And one dark night he passed away.
As dying on his bed he lay,
The watchers heard him softly say—

Excelsior !

At dead of night, beside his tomb,
His ghost is stalking through the gloom.
Emitting dismal wails and groans,
It murmurs in sepulchral tones—

Excelsior !

N. TUCKER.

THE LION

I saw a lion in a cage ;
He was in a dreadful rage.
His fur was of a brownish grey.
But people did not stop to say
That he was having a tiresome day.

J. LOWE.

IDLENESS

“Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.”
Who has not done something disastrous while, like Mr.
Macawber, “waiting for something to turn up”? Yet
again, who, like Mark Twain, disliking work, could not sit
and watch others work for hours?

There is, I believe, a difference—Satan finds his mischief
for the hands of enforced idlers. One can be idle and yet
receptive of all around one, as Wordsworth was : he did not
think himself idle when he sat upon an old gray stone. There
is, however, a thrill to be received from being idle when one
should work—of watching the rooks when one should be
making a perspective drawing, of lying in the sun when one
should be chopping sticks, of fondling the cat when there is
a Latin passage to con.

Enforced idleness is a terrible thing, almost amounting to
mental torture. Many an old-time knight, deep in his enemy's
dungeon, must have nearly lost his reason because there was
nothing, nothing at all to do.

When once one has become idle, one sinks into a groove,
from which it is extremely hard to clamber. One becomes
listless, desires to do something, but is idle, and it is too much
trouble to find work, or even to do work if it is thrust under
one's nose.

But — ah ! when you have work and are idle just from a
desire to be lazy, then things are different. There is something
to do, you do not want to do it, and there will probably be
consequences—unhappy ones—because you have not done it.

The third kind of idleness—Wordsworth's idleness—is
perhaps the happiest. In the other two, there is nothing to
do, and you want to do something, or there is something to
do, and you want to do nothing. There must, however, come
a time when there is nothing to do, and you want to do
nothing. Then you can be happy indeed. You can lie on a
bank and day-dream, or perhaps be so idle that the greatest
mental effort calls forth no greater result than trying to picture
strange animals in the clouds.

The birds sing, but one does not hear them. Provided that
party of picnickers keeps its distance, one is not disposed to
move. They are part of the background, not indispensable,
perhaps, but not so annoying as to cause one to change from
the passive to the active state and go elsewhere to be idle.

Another way of being happily idle is fishing. I have never
sampled its joys, but I have a feeling that the catching of fish
is merely an excuse to be idle—a device to cover up the fact
that the fisher wishes to do nothing. It sounds infinitely
better to say, “I am going fishing”, than to say, “I am going
to do nothing”. And yet, are the two things so unlike?
I wonder.

A. MARSHALL.

HUNTING SONG

When the hunt is on and the scent is keen,
And all in the woods is green, so green,
Then merrily winds the hunter's horn,
And the sound is borne on the air of the morn.

Swiftly runs the fleeing stag
O'er barren moor and rocky crag.
The baying hounds follow closely on,
Only to find that the prey is gone.
Then merrily winds the hunter's horn,
And the sound is borne on the air of the morn.

Swiftly, swiftly the hunters ride,
Clearing all fences in their stride,
Soon the prey is brought to the kill,
And home they go to eat their fill.
Then merrily winds the hunter's horn,
And the sound is borne on the air of the morn.

I. R. LLEWELLYN.

A JOURNEY I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE

I have journeyed in trains innumerable times, and am acquainted with the insides of all sorts of carriages, except the sleeping car. All my travels have occurred during the daytime and so a wish has been born in me to take a long night journey. I still wait for the realisation of my dream. What will it be like? Will it be as I have fancied it?

The night outside will shut in the station; a fog of rising smoke will cloak the dim light. People bustling about will add to the subdued roar, but there will be sleepiness in that roar, for the daylight is gone and the darkness comes as if to stifle the activities of man. The train, now full of passengers, will start out into a forbidding darkness.

Inside the train all is warm, somnolently warm. The windows admit no light and they have no use except as mirrors. Even the clattering of the train wheels seems to have changed, for now, instead of a song of triumph it is a monotonous lullaby.

I move into the sleeping-car, where I climb into a bunk and try to rest. But I cannot sleep, for even in this comfort, accompanied by a lullaby, the novelty and excitement are as guards which ward off sleep and raise drooping eyelids.

Back in the carriage I sit and read. We pass stations, towns, and factories. Then we come to a stopping-place, and the

train slows and comes to a standstill. I move to the door and look out on a smoky platform, where passengers, porters and guards are hustling about. The cry of "Chocolates!" falls upon my ears and I hail the vendor; not that I am hungry, but I am curious to see him and his wares. Then from the engine comes a warning shrill, so I sit down again, and the train quivers, shakes, and begins to move.

After some time I return to my bunk; having lost much of my excitement, and being more tired, I begin to doze.

At last the grey light of morning fills the sky, while the horizon is tinged with the red of the rising sun. The train draws in at the station, I collect my luggage and step out on to the platform. I walk towards the barrier, the real termination of my journey.

No, it was not exciting. It was a journey that is done by many people as a matter of course, but it was something new to me, an experience which, though it was only a train journey, differed from any I had so far had.

It will complete my collection of memories of train journeys —when I take it.

P. COSTIFF.

THE OLD COACH INN

Sometimes when the light is dim,
An owl is heard in the old Coach Inn.
A door creaks! I stand stock still,
For the old Coach Inn is haunted still.

A clock strikes in a near-by church;
The silence is broken by a gruesome wail.
A wolf in the forest has killed his prey,
And the old Coach Inn is haunted still.

When a storm is driving through the night,
A traveller rests in the old Coach Inn.
He cannot sleep for the groans and creaks,
As the old Coach Inn is haunted still.

The owl, the clock, the wolf and his prey,
All are part of the old Coach Inn,
For they are the ghosts that haunt the house
Where the weary travellers rest.

A. BAILEY.

THOUGHTS ON A HOT DAY

To sit by a river's side at sunrise on a summer morning is the easiest and most beautiful way of foretelling a hot day. A damp grey mist hangs upon the water, at times tossed up in whirling ringlets by a gentle breeze. But all is quiet, save for the splashing and flapping of the early-rising swan and her young. Then in its flashing golden glory the sun bids the whole dreamy world 'Good morning'. Mysteriously the mist over the water slinks away, for his duty is accomplished until the next dawn, and the sun, smiling on all, soon warms his daughter Earth. Down to the river come the cattle from the neighbouring farmsteads. They seem to realise that the day is to be hot, and they drink long and happily. Many insects already cause their tails to swish with annoyance.

The sun is up and he promises a rare day! Away at the farm the heat of morning causes work to proceed at a mercifully slow pace. Men and animals cannot help but feel lazy, and slowly as though under a spell, they go about their duties. The air is still. From the farmhouse chimney a thin thread of smoke meanders heavenwards, and a nervous haze hangs over the thatch. In all directions the world seems lifeless but for the periodical agitation caused to the still creatures.

From time to time, in the distance, briskly proceeding puffs of smoke indicate a train travelling townwards. Oh, how unbearable is the town. Everything reflects heat. The sun burns down from the heavens and the earth gives back a rival heat. How man labours in these conditions I know not. The sun laughs at the toiling workers. In turn, those within offices describe the heat with unemotional hate.

Slowly the day continues, and the world goes curiously and silently through its routine. For many, the increased warmth of the afternoon means a drowsy siesta. To me the afternoon of a hot day is always fantastic and unforgettable. Sitting in the stifling shade, I hear the dull and fitful sounds of trains or hammers coming from an unsubstantial fairy world. Are they made by men? I know not, for they fade and do not return. Other sounds take me far from common life. The incessant "hum" of an insect hovering aloft overcomes the senses strangely.

We live on and evening comes, still accompanied by the things of day. The heat of the sun does not relax, and wearily many workers of town and country rest. Gloriously and triumphantly the sun's rim dips and leaves the world in dusk and warmth. As I lie on my bed, the sweet scent of flowers drifts to me and the never-tiring bee goes even yet about his task. To me the hot day has been a wonderful adventure. It is different from any other time of the year, and everyone must cherish it, whatever it brings forth. As the mist swings over the fields and down to the river, I pray for another day of ceaseless sun and dreamy heat. RONALD OMER.

COUNTRY LIFE

The birds sing sweetly in the wood ;
The flowers are trim and gay ;
The sheep graze on the hillside
From dawn till end of day.

The country is much nicer
Than the busy city street :
With its grimy, smoky chimneys
And tarred paths beneath your feet.

The villager enjoys his life
Far from all the bustle ;
He likes to hear the gentle breeze
In the leaflets softly rustle.

The field mouse in the golden corn ;
The weasel in her nest ;
They're common in the country fields ;
To farmers they're a pest.

The countryman he lives secure
From all the noise and strife ;
And, from his birth to happy end,
Enjoys his country life.

M. WAGHORN.

SUMMER

Summer is here. The great awakening has begun. Out of their humble abodes all forms of life appear. The land is breaking forth into a blossom of paper bags, empty tins and orange peel. The quiet country lanes are filled with the odours of dust, oil and smoke, and the echoes are awakened by the melodious singing of holidaymakers. Now all over the countryside the flowers and grass are trampled, the trees broken and scarred, and the small streams filled with rubbish. The heather, blackened and smoking, fills the air with the smell of burning. The old castle ruins have become art

galleries for small people possessing sticks of chalk. Wonderful insects fill the countryside with their pleasant humming, while their victims run in terror.

* *

Along the country lanes the tar machines are out. The tar-jet tosses its head as it lies strewn over the road. Brushes sweep gently in the wind, and the not-so-faint odour of tar rises on the breeze. The rattle of the slowly moving machine fills the air.

Through the trees the sunlight glistens, forming patterns on the heaps of gravel by the roadside. Beneath the mighty steam-roller the stones are firmly fixed. The gentle thud of an empty tar-barrel as it drops to the ground sounds pleasantly above the scraping of spades on the road.

Beautiful black smoke rises from the machines and entirely envelops the trees above. Summer is here.

E. MORRISON.

E. PARSLEY.

THE BONNIE LASS OF ABERDEEN.

She was a stump-mast trawler,
She came from Aberdeen,
'The Bonnie Lassie' was her name
'Mongst trawlers she was Queen.
But now alas, she is no more,
The Bonnie Lass of Aberdeen.

One dusky evening she set off,
She ran into a gale,
The waves piled high upon her deck,
The wind was all a-wail.
So now alas, she is no more,
The Bonnie Lass of Aberdeen.

Her nose went full into a rock,
And all one end was holed,
The crew at once took to the boats,
For water was in the hold.
And now alas, she is no more,
The Bonnie Lass of Aberdeen.

S. JONES.

THE TRAVELLER

As the train came to a halt at a small wayside station, a tall, miserable man entered a compartment already occupied by a cheery traveller named Reginald Connaught. The newcomer wore a thick muffler round his neck, and a heavy leather overcoat. Only the top half of his face could be seen. In fact he reminded Mr. Connaught somewhat of the 'invisible man'.

Mr. Connaught, always anxious to be friendly, opened the conversation by saying, "What are you looking so down in the mouth for?"

"I've won the Irish Sweep," replied the stranger.

"Well, surely that's something to be happy about!"

"Yes, but I've lost the ticket."

"Well, if I did that, I should cut my throat," said Mr. Connaught.

"I did," was the doleful reply.

The signs of friendliness vanished from Reginald's face.

S. WHITE.

BIRDS

The Sparrows on the window-sill
Chirrup, and chirp, and never keep still,
They move round and round like the wheel in a mill,
Those restless Sparrows small.

Twittering Martins fly all around,
Wherever flies and grubs are found,
I love that pleasant twittering sound
About the house and trees.

At evening the Nightingale pipes his call
As the dark of the night begins to fall,
And the Owl hoots in the elms so tall
As the moon comes up.

E. WYATT.

HAYMAKING

The reapers are out in the hayfields;
I can hear the swish of the scythe,
The lark flies high in the summer sky,
Singing his song so blythe.

The hay-waggon lumbers along,
Hark to the horses' feet!
When day is done and evening's come,
He'll bring home his load so sweet.

R. BRETTELL.

THE OWL

Out in the dark, flying along,
Does the brown owl silently go,
He sings no song, like other birds ;
But watches the ground below.

All the day in a tree he sleeps,
But to hunt, he comes at night.
Down to the ground for prey he swoops,
And clasps it, with talons of might.

His eye is keenest among the birds
His claws are curved and sharp.
His flight is swift and silent,
And his eyes gleam in the dark.

V. WOODFORD.

THE SQUIRREL

He sits up in the golden tree,
Gazing down at you and me.
Nuts on an autumn day
He gathers while he may.

When chased, from bough to bough he flits
Among the golden leaves he sits,
Thinking of his store
For the winter raw.

But soon the darksome night draws near,
And quickly home he goes in fear.
His supper with disdain
He eyes : 'tis nuts again.

S. WOOD.

MORNING SONG

The dark sky greys,
The wind doth sigh ;
The clouds do part,
The dawn comes nigh.

The trees awake,
The birds do sing ;
The sun doth shine,
The bells do ring.

All to the church
Their way do wend :
'Tis Sunday morn,
'Tis the night's end.

IAN CUMMINS.

A DOG'S LIFE

When I first opened my eyes, I was in a nice warm room, and as I snuggled close to my mother I realised that four other fluffy things were there too. My mother was a beautiful Red Setter and my father a heavy Cocker Spaniel. I was pitch-black except for a white streak on my chest.

A little later we were moved to a barn, where I romped and played with my brothers. A week after we were born, we had our tails cut short, and I'm sure that nothing could hurt so much.

After a long time of happiness at my birthplace I was taken to a house in the country. I was given a box in the corner of a room. It used to be a struggle to get in, but after a time I became quite expert at it.

On the night of my arrival I felt lonely because I hadn't got a mother to sleep with. In the end I went to sleep against a boy's foot, but I soon got used to sleeping alone.

The garden was very big and I used to have a lovely time in it. I went for walks on my own, and I could not understand why my owner did not like it.

I was out on my own one day when I saw a friend across the street. I started to run to him and suddenly I was startled by a loud shout. I almost flew to the other side and looking round, saw a car where I had been before. This showed me why my owner didn't like my going out alone.

I have now been with my master for nine years, and as I lie and think over incidents of my past life, I feel that I am near my end.

C. N. FURNIVALL.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Standing out black and grim against the stormy skyline was the haunted house. It looked as pleasant to any passer-by as the gallows to a condemned man.

Entering the high iron gate was like entering the gates of Hell. On both sides of the unkept drive weeds and creepers grew in a mesh-like jungle undergrowth. The door had long since fallen off its rusty hinges, leaving a black gaping opening, like the jaws of some huge monster waiting to devour unsuspecting beings.

On either side of the dark hall were black gaps, where there should have been doors. The rooms seemed as if they were shrouded by the black of night, and the bats were like devils on the wing. In the far corner there was the constant drip, drip of water, reminding one of a horrible Chinese torture.

It was the very place where one expected to find ghosts, and it had certainly earned its name, "The Haunted House".

M. NESS.

A VISIT TO NORTHOLT AERODROME ON EMPIRE AIR DAY

May 20th being a fine day, we motored over to Northolt Aerodrome on Western Avenue, to see the air display.

Captain Harold Balfour, M.C., the Under-Secretary of State for Air, arrived in an Air Council machine early in the afternoon. After he had inspected the machine and men, an aerobatic display in an obsolete Hawker Fury followed. A squadron of Hawker Hurricane fighters took part in squadron drill, which was very fascinating to watch, the machines keeping perfect formation. It ended by a "peel-off"—that is, a half-roll and dive past the spectators—which showed the confidence the pilots had in their 'planes.

The next event was a display of 'crazy' flying by three Aero Tutors. They were apparently learning to fly, but were in reality three fine pilots. Their humorous remarks broadcast from the loudspeakers were well-received by the crowd. Controlled flying by a Gladiator fighter was the next item, but the list of commands was restricted in case some small person instructed the pilot to do something dangerous.

Then a Hurricane and a Spitfire were put through their paces, and they demonstrated, to a remarkable degree, the manoeuvrability of these aircraft. An admirable diversion was occasioned when a Short Sunderland flying boat flew over from Pembroke Docks. It was only about 100 feet up and presented a magnificent spectacle, as it roared over the heads of nearly 40,000 onlookers at 200 miles an hour.

Presently three Fairey Battle bombers, reinforced by three heavy Wellington bombers came over to attack the aerodrome. The alarm was sounded and a flight of Hurricanes took off immediately to head off the invaders. The enemy, having dropped a few smoke-bombs for effect were broken up from formation and 'destroyed' by the fighters.

The grand finale was the fly-past at top-speed of all the aeroplanes taking part in the proceedings. This was received with great enthusiasm, and then the many thousands of spectators departed as the aerodrome closed at 19.00 hours.

No cameras were allowed, but the hangars were full of interesting sights, and it was with regret that we left the aerodrome; others, less fortunate, remained behind to decide whose were the fifty lost children assembled at the control tower.

E. J. JENNER.

DOWN A MINE

One morning at 4.30 I entered the gates of the Houghton Colliery. I was to see the workings at the foot of the shaft. First I went with my guide to the lamp-room, where I procured an electric lamp in preference to an oil one. When I had received my lamp, I was taken to the shaft-head, where we entered the top deck of the cage.

Soon we were going down, and for a time I suffered the illusion of ascending instead of descending. Then the cage emerged into a well-lighted space at the foot of the shaft. We had arrived, and instead of coal walls and a dusty atmosphere, I was met by newly whitewashed brick walls and a gust of fresh air.

Making our way along the main road, we soon arrived at an electric hauling station, where a mechanic whistled to himself as he busily pushed and pulled various levers. We paused for a few minutes to watch, and then made out way down a side road which had a very low roof, and we had to crouch as we went along.

At last, by much stooping and crawling, we reached the coal-face, where instead of seeing a miner with a pick I saw an electric cutting machine in the charge of three burly miners.

The machine was cutting several feet into a seam, and soon there was a huge pile of coal ready to be taken away in tubs.

After a while we went back to the shaft by a different road, passing on the way many putter-lads with their ponies. Soon we were at the head of the shaft, tired, stiff, very black, but still happy. I had experienced my first trip down a mine.

D. I. M. GRAY.

VESTIGES

From a paper on Vestigial Structures and their Bearings on Evolution.

Vestiges are organs useless to their possessors but resembling and corresponding to useful organs found in other creatures. They can be explained only by supposing them to be dwindled relics of what were once larger organs in active use. They are often called rudimentary organs; but they are not the beginnings of something better—they are the end of organs useful in the past.

Vestigial structures in living animals can be considered as being either temporary or permanent. Permanent vestiges are to be found in all mature higher animals: it is in the embryos of these animals that temporary vestiges occur. Many temporary vestiges persist, however, in the adult animal.

As an analogy in everyday life, many instances of vestigial structure are found in clothing. In a man's jacket there are

buttons at the wrist which are never used. In most cases they cannot be unbuttoned, yet they are relics of buttons once used for fastening back the sleeve. They are, in fact, vestiges.

Vestiges are bound up with the theory of evolution. Just as modern motor cycles and safety bicycles have developed from old wooden boneshakers, so have the vertebrates evolved from a common ancestor. The higher animals have descended from simple forms of life, and so they carry about with them a living collection of relics which are vestiges of their ancestry. Evolution is not a proved fact but a theory supported by scientific evidence, and the evidence of these useless structures is of the greatest importance in explaining the theory. It is impossible to account for vestiges on any other assumption.

When the theory of evolution leads us to believe that an organ has been lost recently, we usually find a vestige of it. The tail is an example. It is of great use to many animals, enabling creatures such as monkeys to hang on to trees; other animals, like horses, use their tails to switch flies from their bodies. Some animals, like kangaroos, and to a certain extent dogs, use their tails to balance themselves. Yet man is descended from the same ancestors as these, and as a matter of fact, one of the most interesting human vestiges is the tail. It is fully developed in the embryo state, but it is not visible externally except in rare circumstances. In the adult the tail is represented by the coccyx, a short series of four or five vertebrae more or less fixed together.

In the apes this vestigial tail is a little better developed. In the embryos of man and the apes the tail develops much as it does in other mammals, and at one stage it is about one-fifth as large as the rest of the body, longer even than the legs. The tail is then complete with all the muscles necessary for wagging it. Later, as the tail fades into insignificance, the muscles degenerate or are turned to other uses. Sometimes children are born with the tail actually visible from the exterior. The only explanation of this curious fact is that man has inherited his vestigial tail from tailed ancestors.

Certain creatures resembling one another seem to fall into natural groups in which the animals are more like each other than the animals of another group. An examination of the anatomy of various living animals supports this relationship by showing resemblances in certain parts, although outwardly these parts may seem quite different.

The pentadactyl limb is a good example of this, the same essential parts being adapted to different uses in, for example, the frog, turtle, bird, horse, whale, bat, ape and man. If the whale evolved from a land animal, as we believe, we would expect to find traces of the legs it needed on land. In the

flipper of the whale there are all the details of the pentadactyl limb, even to the five bones of the fingers, which now serve only as support for the tissue of the flipper. In nearly every detail of bones, muscles and nerves it is closely homologous to a man's arm. The difference is largely due to the fact that the whale limb is greatly shortened and broadened, and the fingers are enclosed in a fleshy, thumbless mitt. As regards the hind limb in whales, outwardly it would appear to be absent. One or two small bones embedded in the blubber are, however, recognised by scientists as the incompletely developed bones of the hips, thighs and sometimes the shank. The bones are wholly useless, having no limbs to support, and they have not been turned to other uses. A reasonable explanation of this is to suppose that they are the remains of limbs inherited from some remote terrestrial ancestor.

The fore-limb of the bird is its wing which, although it is not used as an arm, is not so different structurally as one might suppose. The differences are due largely to the loss of the third and fourth fingers, and to the reduction of the thumb to a vestige. Both arm and wing develop in the embryo from rounded limb buds. One bird at least has gone a stage further than this. The Apteryx, a New Zealand bird commonly known as the kiwi, has no visible wings; but at the shoulder, hidden under the feathers, is a miniature wing lying flat against the body. It is of no use and is the last vestige of proper wings inherited from an ancestor.

Snakes as a class are limbless; but the boas, pythons and one or two others have vestiges of hip-girdles and hind limbs. While in many cases these are useless, the python has small hind limbs buried beneath its scaly skin: in others they protrude as two claws which may have some new function not connected with locomotion.

These variations of the pentadactyl limb may possibly have arisen from mutations—that is, through sudden deviations of offspring from their parents. The variations have been compared with the variations upon a theme in music. However elaborate the variation, the skilled musician is able to detect the common theme running through all; in the same way the anatomist can recognise the same general idea of the pentadactyl limb in all the different land vertebrates he examines. It is only natural that as animals have evolved, their evolution has sometimes led to the disuse of an organ. If all these species had been derived in any way other than the modification of other species, then the presence of vestiges would be inexplicable.

G. P. ALEXANDRA.

A PIRATE CAPTAIN

There he stands in flashy garb,
The terror of the seas,
Who robs and plunders merchant ships
Which sail the seven seas.

And like as not, on some lone isle,
He keep his treasure store,
Where n'er a living soul is seen
Save him, when he brings more.

And though you may not think this true,
I think there would be found
Some buried treasure on that isle
If e'er that isle were found.

M. NESS.

THE STORMY BAY

The white cliffs of the bay
Were wet with the spray
Of the waves as they broke
On the shingle,
With a tingle
Of pebbles and
Stones and sand.

The sea-gulls on the wing
Into the spray were diving—
The spray that hung like a cloak
Round the shore,
With a roar
Of the waves
And echoing caves.

K. HODGES.

THE 'VICTORY'

She may be old,
She may be holed,
But with her there's a story
Of battle fierce and gory,
'Tis true, she did her duty,
For England, home and beauty.
Aye, with her there's a story
Of battles fierce and gory,
Of her decks that were so red,
Of her sailors who are dead.

A. TANNER.

HOUSE NOTES : SPRING 1939

GRAY

OFFICIALS.

CAPTAIN : R. V. Pardy.
VICE-CAPTAIN : R. Cartwright.
SECRETARY : H. H. Carter.
COMMITTEE : P. Crowhurst.

HOCKEY.

This term the House was less successful at hockey, being placed third with two points.

Seniors :

v. Hampden	Lost	0—1
v. Herschel	Won	1—0
v. Milton	Lost	0—1

Points, 2 ; Position, 3rd.

Intermediates :

v. Hampden	Drew	0—0
v. Herschel	Won	4—2
v. Milton	Won	2—0

Points, 5 ; Position, 1st.

Juniors :

v. Hampden	Lost	0—1
v. Herschel	Won	2—0
v. Milton	Lost	2—3

Points, 2 ; Position, 3rd.

ATHLETICS.

Although the final position of the House was not high, we were favoured with two fine performances. Gray obtained the first three places in the half-mile and first place in the mile.

House Hundred :

Points, 2 ; Position, 3rd.

Points, 44 ; Final Position, 3rd.

At the end of the term we were sorry to lose Carter, who had done much work for the House as Secretary, and Taylor. We all wish them well for the future.

J.B.

HAMPDEN

OFFICIALS.

CAPTAIN : J. Anderson.
 VICE-CAPTAIN : F. J. Russell.
 SECRETARY : K. Weller.
 COMMITTEE : A. Leaver, N. Bleines.

HOCKEY.

The House enjoyed a fairly successful term at hockey, the Intermediates finishing first and the Seniors and Juniors second in their respective sections.

Seniors :

v. Gray	Won	1—0
v. Milton	Lost	0—1
v. Herschel	Won	7—0

Intermediates :

v. Gray	Drew	0—0
v. Milton	Won	1—0
v. Herschel	Won	2—1

Juniors :

v. Gray	Won	1—0
v. Milton	Lost	1—2
v. Herschel	Won	3—1

Hampden House provided four men for the School 1st XI—Anderson, Weller, Jones and Russell.

TRACK AND FIELD.

In the annual School Sports Hampden were declared proud champions with a total of 105½ points.

P. Ford won the Class II long jump, putting the shot, discus and 100 yards.

H. Jones won the Class I javelin throw, K. Jolley the high jump, and Bew the long jump.

Hampden teams won the relay races in all classes.

The only boy to leave us last term was N. E. Bleines. Although we were sorry to see him go, we hope he will do well in Australia.

F.J.R.

HERSCHEL

OFFICIALS.

CAPTAIN : R. C. Warren.
 VICE-CAPTAIN : D. C. F. McCrae.
 SECRETARY : W. W. Pollard.
 COMMITTEE : D. P. P. Shanley, D. Hall.

HOCKEY.

The House was very unfortunate this season, all three teams being placed fourth.

Seniors :

v. Milton	Lost	0—6
v. Gray	Lost	0—1
v. Hampden	Lost	0—7

Points, 0 ; Position, 4th,

Intermediates :

v. Milton	Lost	0—10
v. Gray	Lost	2—4
v. Hampden	Lost	1—2

Points, 0 ; Position, 4th.

Junior :

Points, 0 ; Position, 4th.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

Unfortunately, the House was unable to gain a higher place than fourth. We gained 31 points.

We were sorry at the end of the term to lose our captain. Warren, and Shanley.

W.W.P.

MILTON

OFFICIALS.

CAPTAIN : W. H. Dyer.
 VICE-CAPTAIN : D. J. Minchin.
 SECRETARY : G. P. Alexandra.
 COMMITTEE : D. J. Neale and T. Williamson.

HOCKEY.

The House had a very successful season. The Seniors and Juniors finished first, taking full points, while the Intermediates were placed third.

Seniors :

v. Herschel	Won 6—0
v. Hampden	Won 1—0
v. Gray	Won 1—0

Points, 6 ; Position, 1st.

At the end of the season the Seniors played the " Rest " and did very well to draw, each side scoring twice.

Intermediates :

v. Herschel	Won 10—0
v. Hampden	Lost 0—1
v. Gray	Lost 0—2

Points 2 ; Position 6th.

Juniors :

v. Herschel	Won 2—1
v. Hampden	Won 2—1
v. Gray	Won 3—2

Points, 6 ; Position, 1st.

SPORTS.

Milton came second in the Inter-House Championship with 97½ points, after an exciting contest with Hampden (105½ points).

The House had some very good runners this year, and won the House Hundred. Minchin, Alexandra and Castle together obtained 8 points in the 100 yards Class I (placed first, second and fourth) and 9 points in the 220 yards Class I (placed second, first and third). Alexandra won the Individual Championship, taking 10 points, while Castle was runner-up with 9 points.

Packham (ii) and Jones, D. J., ran well for the Juniors : Packham won the 100 yards, and Jones the cross-country.

The annual House Supper was held on Friday, March 3rd. Castle left at the end of the term.

D.J.N.